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If Wishes Were Pumpkins

By DAISY D. STEPHENSON

"I WISH we'd moved here last spring so we could have plenty of pumpkins now." Nancy Lee perched herself on the back fence so she could look into her neighbor's corn patch and feel good and envious. Her eyes feasted on at least a dozen fine orange-colored beauties, lying among the rustling corn stalks in the warm autumn sunshine. "It doesn't seem a bit Halloweeny with no pumpkins," she pouted. "Tell you what, Peter. Let's pretend. I wish those dried up no-count apples up there were magic pumpkin seeds. You plant them here by the fence, and I'll say some charm like hic, haec, hoc, Passamaquoddy, you know, and the spell works!"

Nancy Lee glowed with imagination and Peter stood spellbound, fascinated eyes on the spot pointed out for the miracle. "Up springs something as witchy as Jack's bean stalk," rattled Nancy Lee, her fancy galloping like a broncho, "only this is a vine. It's loaded with yellow flowers, Peter, then presto! little green balls that grow and swell and turn golden color. Why, look at the lots of fat pumpkins for pies and Yellow Jacks!" Leaning toward her stolid brother Nancy Lee waved eager hands and just as she lost her balance she cried, "Don't you see them, Peter Pumpkin-eater?"

Peter grinned as he picked her up. "Yep. I see Miss Hepsy's Warner's pumpkins over there, and it makes a fellow feel like highway robbery!"

"Oh, no! Not that bad!" twinkled Nancy Lee. "But if pumpkins were wishes we'd have some to carve."

"And if wishes were weenies nobody would starve!" mocked Peter, for Nancy Lee had given him considerable practice in jingling, too.

"It's queer to think we've lived here nearly two weeks and haven't laid eyes on our nearest neighbor," mused Nancy Lee, turning her back on the temptation of coveting Miss Hepsy's crop and doing skilful things with "jacks" under the apple tree. "The poor thing has been in the hospital a month. That old man across the street told me. His name's O-bli-ger, isn't it?"

Peter crowed loud and exasperatingly. When he could restrain himself he ad-



"I'LL SAY SOME CHARM LIKE HIC, HAEC, HOC, PASSAMAQUODDY"

Drawing by Marjorie Terry Chellis

ressed his sister's dignified back. "That was funny, Nan! Don't get huffy. His real name's Abijah." He was suddenly earnest. "If that old loafer was a good man and faithful friend to Miss Hepsy, as he ought to be after living neighbor to her for twenty years, he'd 'obliger' and look after her place a little."

"How, Peter?" Nancy Lee's eyes were wide with interest.

"Well, look at it!" Peter's eloquent motion included the tiny cottage beyond the fence and all that belonged to it. "Front gate's off its hinges; rose bushes need trimming and putting to bed. Frosty these nights. Corn and pumpkins should be in right now."

Nancy Lee gazed sympathetically at the forlorn little place. It reminded her of a lonely child, neglected by its mother. But she never wasted time in regret when there was need for action. Up she sprang.

"I tell you, Peter! We'll do it ourselves. It's a good turn and it will be fun besides. Let's ask mother quick."

The red sweater flashed off like a comet with Peter trailing after, willing but dubious as to their duty, Mother Mills

considered briefly, then dispatched impatient Nancy Lee to interview old Abijah, who just then was leaning against the fence to keep from falling down. Abijah's chief career was resting, and advising other people.

"Somebody orter see to Miss Hepsy's place," he admitted to an explosive little girl whose burning eyes made him shift uneasily. "I'd a done it only I'm sort of pindling. Wossip stang me on the arm and—" No sign of sympathy so he rambled on. "Yes sir. This time last year Miss Hepsy had 'em all in and passed out. Half she sells—"

"Pumpkins?" came the question like a bullet.

"Course, the pumpkins." Abijah was weakly resentful at Nancy Lee's energetic haste. There was plenty of time. Plenty. "Half she sells to Eben Strong's grocery. She keeps some for pies, allus sends me one for Thanksgivin'. Two or three fine ones she sends to her niece in the city. Right peart young person, that niece." He cackled approvingly while Nancy Lee struggled with the impulse to shake his few ogre-like teeth out.

"Well, we never even saw Miss Hepsy, but we'll see that she doesn't lose her pumpkins anyway." She was gone so suddenly that old Abijah blinked and looked blank for a long time, muttering, "I swan!"

Clouds were massing in warning over the range, and the old timer at the grocery was forecasting a change in weather when the children trundled their wagon back and forth, disposing of half Miss Hepsy's pumpkins. The money was handed over as a sacred trust to mother Mills.

"Isn't much but it will help on her doctor bill," said practical Peter. "Her pie pumpkins are way back in the barn under straw. Safe as bugs in rugs. How about those she sends her niece?"

"Wait awhile," advised his mother. "I'll inquire about Miss Hepsy at the sewing society tomorrow. She may be able to come home soon."

Later, Peter jumped the fence, seized a rake and began combing the untidy lawn.

"S'pose mother will let us have a bon-fire? Seems 'sif we ought to do something extra for Hallowe'en if we don't have a pumpkin parade. I guess the children up

the street will have fun playing ghosts and goblins. They're pretty slow to get acquainted," sighed Nancy Lee as she tucked red and brown leaves snugly about rose roofs. "We won't ask mother for even one pumpkin, 'cause every Lincoln penny's whooping to pay for the house."

"Well, there's our birthday money from grandma," suggested Peter with the desperate expression of one about to rob a baby's bank.

Nancy Lee yanked him back to common sense. "Rather have a pumpkin shell than new Sunday shoes, Peter Gump?" she scoffed.

"This seems to be your busy day," came a sweet voice so unexpectedly that the children froze in their tracks like startled bunnies. Such a pretty friendly girl stood there on the front porch. She must have come from inside Miss Hepsy's cottage. Her smile unfettered Peter's tongue.

"Are—you Miss Hepsy?" he stammered respectfully.

"Mercy, no! I'm her niece Lillian. And I can't find words to thank her thoughtful neighbors for all they've done. The old gentleman across the street told me last night. I wanted to run right in and shake hands but your house was dark—"

"We were in the school play," confided Nancy Lee, who had fallen headlong in love with this charming vision. "But we liked doing it, didn't we, Peter? You're full of welcome, you and Miss Hepsy. I'll run now and get the pumpkin money—"

Miss Lillian restrained her, grasping one toil-stained little hand. "Later, dear, I shall take auntie back home with me for the winter," she explained in comradely fashion. "So I shall be glad if you'll keep an eye on the cottage for us. And if she decides not to come back you folks are to be our agents for renting or selling, with a commission, of course."

Peter's chest swelled like a balloon and the rake was a powerful scepter. But Nancy Lee's mind was still on an important unsettled matter.

"Will you take them with you for pies?"

Miss Lillian looked puzzled. Then she laughed. "Oh, those pumpkins! No, we won't bother transferring the crops." She looked thoughtfully from Nancy Lee to Peter. "I wonder," she began. "You've done so much, I dislike asking another favor, but if you would—"

"You bet!" from Peter. "Of course!" from Nancy Lee.

"Accept the pumpkins as a very little token of our gratitude. You know," her blue eyes were like dewy gentians now, "it's very unusual to find such unselfish neighbors."

"Aw, we didn't do anything!" protested Peter, beet-red with embarrassment and joy. A favor—all those pumpkins! Capering crickets! Wouldn't he make a Jacky that would curl your hair?"

After Miss Hepsy's wonderful niece had

departed, leaving a sort of celestial aura, Nancy Lee got a few dozen skips and "goodys" out of her feelings, then addressed Peter triumphantly. "If wishes were pumpkins," she reminded. "Oh, Peter! Doesn't it feel Hallowe'eny all of a sudden?"

Peter was still behaving like a human grasshopper. "Come on! Let's lug 'em home where they belong," he crowed, leading the way in an amazing broad jump. "Say, we won't hardly carve 'em so they'll scare the cat—oh no!"

Nutting Time

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

NUTTING Time! Nutting Time!
Off to the woods away!
Come along all, where the nuts fall!
Oh, what a golden day!

Nutting Time! Nutting Time!
Oh, but the air is bright!
Yellow and red, leaves overhead
Flutter, and take their flight!

Nutting Time! Nutting Time!
How they come tapping down!
"Pit-a-pat-pat!" Listen to that!
Oh, but they're bright and brown!

Nutting Time! Nutting Time!
Squirrels are nutting, too!
"Chitteree-chee!" Saying, you see,
"Oh, what a saucy crew!"

Nutting Time! Nutting Time!
Squirrels, and girls, and boys
Share in the fun, sing in the sun,
Glad with the Autumn joys!

Aunt Flora's Flower Chats: The Nasturtium

By HARRIETTE WILBUR

A PART of the large garden in the back of Grandfather Darling's yard was a sort of "rock-garden", where the flowers that love stony places best could tumble and climb as they pleased. One pile, shaped much like a big stone tub, had nasturtiums planted in the center and around the base of the rocks, and the way those blossoms romped all over that mass of rough boulders made one think the name should have been goat-flower."

So said Bobby Ballou one day, when Aunt Flora and Bessie were gathering a big bouquet of the glowing blossoms, and Bobby stopped to rest a bit from his lawn-mowing nearby.

"Well, there are flowers named from the goat,—goatsbeard, goat's rue, and several others. But Nasturtium gets its name from two Latin words; I'll tell you what they are and what they mean, then see if you can guess why it was given to this plant. *Nasus* means *nose*, *tortum* to twist or even to torture. Now?"

"Nose-twister!" shouted Bobby in great glee. "See, its nose is twisted some!" And he pointed to the spur at the back of a great orange flower.

"Of course," laughed Bessie, examining a big canary yellow one.

"No!" Aunt Flora shook her head teasingly. "If you want to get warmer, quit depending altogether on your eyes and try your sense of taste."

"You mean eat one of them?"

"Are they good to eat?"

"They are perfectly safe plants; people often use the buds and the seeds in salads, or for pickles. Start on the stem of the flower."

"Wow!" cried Bobby, after a good big chew of the stalk, and he began wiping off his tongue with the back of his hand. "Say, it's a tongue-twister, all right."

"It is bitey and smarty," nodded Bessie, but not making quite so much fuss about it as Bobby, for she didn't find the stalk any sharper than an onion, and it was a joke in her family that Bessie could eat green onions by the hour.

"Now you see how Nasturtium was named, because one is quite apt to make up some sort of a face when tasting its pungent juice," advised Aunt Flora. "The blossoms even smell a bit of the sharp, peppery, acid sap in the stalk, though mildly,—not enough to make one sneeze. One name is Indian Cress, because the thick roots, or tubers, of some of the plants were used by the South American Indians as food, while the sharp watery juice has the taste and odor of the true cress, and also no doubt because the plants can be used in salads, like cress."

"Some folks call them just Sturctions," remarked Bessie. "Mrs. White does, always."

"An abbreviation of Nasturtium, of course."

"Did they come from South America?"

"Yes, though this garden one is now quite generally found in Europe; the French people are fond of using the buds and the tender pods in pickles and in salads; they use the flowers to make a border around the salad dish. In South America the tubers, or potato-like root-stocks, of one certain species called the *Ysano* in Peru, is a great favorite; there they first boil the tubers, each about the size of a small pear, then freeze them, and eat them while still frozen."

"Nasturtium ice-cream!" gasped Bobby.

"Or snowballs, perhaps," amended Aunt Flora.

Studying one of the blossoms, with its five gay petals of striped yellow and red flaring out from the long, five-scalloped spur as from a vase, Bessie happened to set it over the tip of her finger, cap-fashion.

"Looky! Without the stem it makes a ducky little dunce-cap!"

"The botanist who gave it its book-name of the trophy-flower, which the Greek name means, must have thought of the blossom as a helmet. And since the leaves are like shields, one can imagine a plant to be a collection of trophies brought home by successful warriors, to be cast down at the feet of some ruler, or to be stored in some national museum."

"Say, the leaves are shields, all right," agreed Bobby, holding one of them out in front of him by the stem.

"Or a parasol!" Bessie held one over her small nose.

For as the stem was set in the center of the back of the round leaf, it made a shield or a parasol, as one preferred to call it.

"I so admire the foliage of a well-leaved nasturtium plant," spoke up Aunt Flora, with a wave of her hand that included the thickly leaved plants that were climbing up or tumbling over the rock-pile. "I remember reading once in a poem the line 'large leaves hanging like moons on the stalk.'"

"Full moons, then, with little streaks of whitish running out from the center in all directions," remarked Bobby.

"The streaks make them show off well, don't they?"

"Indeed they do, Bessie. It is as though Nature wasn't satisfied with giving the Nasturtium gorgeously colored and prettily-shaped blossoms, but must ornament the leaves as well."

"I love big bowls of the flowers, on stands, in the house, as you and Mother have them."

"Which color best, Bobbykin?"

"Oh, the red ones!"

It didn't take him long to choose, you see, for all that bed had blossoms in a wide range of color,—palest straw-color, golden-yellow, yellow with ruby eyes, rich maroon, burning scarlet, intense red, scarlet pink, delicate salmon, russet-orange, bright orange, old gold, gray-purple, and any one of these tints streaked with any one of the others.

"I guess the poets agree with Bobby, for I remember 'fire' is a favorite word with four different descriptions of the blossoms in verse, which I happen to remember. One by Celia Thaxter is this: 'While over the fence on fire with bloom, climbs the nasturtium vine.' Another line, this one by Julia Dorr, tells how 'Over the wall, like a trail of fire, the red nasturtium climbs high and higher.'"

"You said four, Aunt Flora," reminded Bessie.

"Did I? Well, then, the third poet says 'Up the arbor's lattices are rolled the quaint nasturtium's many-colored fires', and the fourth one uses its other name, this way;

'The Indian-Cress on the wall shoots daily higher and higher,
And soon in the summer sun will shake out flowers of fire.'"

"They did like the red ones, didn't they?" said Bobby.

"For that matter, all of them look like fire, even the pale yellow ones; I've seen flames that were yellow and orange, too."

"True, Bessie. So 'most any shade the blossom takes, it will be a fiery one."

"Say, looky!" Bobby pointed to the far side of the rock-pile, where a dainty ruby-throated humming-bird had just flown in to feast, twinkling his rainbow-lit wings till they sparkled like fans of

diamonds and lace, and hummed like tiny drums.

It was plain to be seen that Ruby-Throat admires Nasturtium flowers of any color. Evidently they did not twist his nose, for he hung before one after the other, probing the long spur for honey. Bessie slit one of the spurs and found that it had drops of honey not a bit nose-twisty, but as sweet as any. Ruby-Throat dined long and well, while they worked their way around the rock-bed, gathering their bouquets.

"I guess he thinks that any one who likes Nasturtiums will like him too," whispered Bobby.



"Fraid Cat"

By CLARA M. HAYES

"WHAT is Hallowe'en?" asked little Ted.

"Hallowe'en is—is" Billy stopped and Maisie helped him out.

"I know a verse that tells:

'On Hallowe'en they say
Fairies dance and play
And witches too
Their broths do brew
To celebrate the day.'"

"Witches?" Ted's eyes grew big.

"Yes, and goblins and brownies and—"

"'Fraid Cat, 'fraid cat,'" sang Billy.

"Catch me being afraid of things like that."

Ted's lip quivered.

"He isn't either." Maisie patted Ted's shoulder. "Just wait till you see what a good time we have at my party tomorrow and you'll love Hallowe'en. Don't forget it's four o'clock. I must hurry home with my books and do an errand for Mother."

And they did have a fine time at Maisie's party. Ted soon found out it was all just make believe. He saw one of Maisie's curls peeping out from an old witch's hat, and he played as gaily as the rest.

And what good things they had to eat!

After supper it was nearly dark and when they looked out there were grinning jack o'lanterns all around in the yard. Ted was not afraid though for Maisie whispered they were pumpkins.

"Aren't they funny?" she asked? "I'm going to give this big old Jack-o' on the ground some supper."

She took off the top and dropped a

piece of sandwich inside. "Why, it put out the candle," she cried.

But just then Betty tagged her and off they ran in a fine romp.

Soon some one called her loudly. It was Billy.

"Look, Maisie," he was pointing to the big jack o' lantern.

"Yes the candle went out," said Maisie.

"But look! It's moving." Billy's eyes were big.

And it was. The big pumpkin was slowly turning over. Maisie stepped back, and so did Billy. He was almost behind Maisie.

And then a queer, scary little noise seemed to come from the moving pumpkin. This time, Maisie and the other children who had come up ran back a little way. But they ran no faster than Billy.

"'Spose it's a goblin?" whispered Ted.

"Go, look, Billy. You said you wouldn't be afraid," said Maisie.

But Billy did not answer. He did not go either.

Again the pumpkin rolled over and the scary noise was louder.

The children ran screaming to the house. Billy almost ran into Maisie's daddy who was coming out.

"What's the matter, kiddies?" he asked.

They pointed to the pumpkin.

"It's rolling," cried Maisie.

"It's making a noise," shouted Billy.

"There's a goblin inside," said Ted.

All the children were talking at once.

"Let's find the goblin," Mr. Melton laughed. He started out.

"Oh; Don't, Daddy," begged Maisie, but he picked up the pumpkin.

Out tumbled a little, scared, mewing, kitten.

"It's Fluff," cried Maisie. "She went to eat the sandwich. Weren't we 'fraid cats sure enough, 'fraid of a cat?"

How they all laughed! Only Billy's face was red. Can you guess why?

The Irony of Fate

By HELEN COWLES LECRON

I WAS once a jolly pumpkin,—
Round and luscious, fat and yellow,
And my family considered me,
An optimistic fellow—

But, alas, how fate has wronged me,—

For, though really quite a clown,

I've become a Jack-o'-Lantern,

And they've made my mouth turn down!

Whose Feet Are They, Then?

The little boy complained that his shoes hurt him. His mother looked at them and saw that in his hurry to get dressed he had put the right shoe on the left foot, and the left shoe on the right foot.

"You've put your shoes on the wrong feet, dear," she explained.

The little boy looked up in wonder.

"No, I haven't, mummy," he said.

"They're my feet."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

29 ALBANO STREET,
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church of Roslindale. Our minister is Rev. C. W. Casson. I like him very much. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade of the Charles Sumner School.

There are six children in my class. Miss Webb is our teacher.

I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am writing this letter in the hope that I may join the Beacon Club and wear its button. I would like very much to have somebody who belongs to the Club write to me.

Yours truly,
MARJORIE BECK.

RATHBONE PLACE,
MARIETTA, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck:

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and would like to have someone write to me. I go to the Unitarian Church of Marietta, Ohio. Our pastor is Rev.

Hal. H. Lloyd, and our superintendent is Mrs. Palmer. We like them both very much. Our Sunday-school class is called the Beacon Club and I am president.

Sincerely yours,
KATHERINE S. BARKER.

257 WEST 11TH STREET,
ERIE, PA.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the First Unitarian Church and I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Coc. I am ten years old and I wish to become a member of the Beacon Club. My class is going to have a party as our attendance is 100%.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM J. DONOVAN.

88 SASSAFRAS ST.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy reading *The Beacon* every Sunday to my brother. He is not in my class; he is nine years old and I am ten. We go to the Westminster Church School on Adelaide Ave. My teacher's name is Miss Willis and there are ten girls and two boys, counting myself. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
LOUIE TVENSTRUP.

Why He Did It

By KATE LAWRENCE

LITTLE WUN LEE was a Chinese boy eleven years old, who went to a mission school in China. He already showed a wonderful talent for painting, and one day he brought to school a present for his teacher. It was a cup and saucer made of very thin pink porcelain on which he had painted a spray of white blossoms, so skillfully that the pink showed through, making them look like variegated blossoms.

"How beautiful, dear Lee," said the teacher. "I could not do it nearly so well myself," but she did not see the most beautiful thing about it until she began to wrap it up in soft paper to put it back in the box in which it had come. Then she found on the under side of the cup, a lovely water lily which seemed to be floating in a little blue lake.

"My dear Lee," she said (a Chinese boy is called by his last name, and the family name comes first), that is the loveliest thing about it, but why did you put it there, where so few people will ever see it?"

"The gods will see it," said Wun Lee in a low reverent tone, "and, of course, I took the most pains with what I painted for them only."

You see, Wun Lee was slowly learning the truths of Christianity, but some of the old heathen superstitions still clung to him: Among these was the idea that there are a great many gods though they too, believe in one Supreme Being, greater than the rest. Do we who know that there is only one God, always take as much pains to please Him as this little boy did to please his imaginary deities? Do we always do our best work where He alone can see it?

Graduating Exercises

IN Taunton, Mass., graduating exercises were held for the six members of the third Primary class who were promoted to the Junior Department. A program of the service was printed, showing that the members who were to be promoted took part by reciting certain Psalms, Our Faith, the Beatitudes, and other memory selections which were part of the work of the class for the year. Miss Alice S. Emery is Superintendent of the Primary Department. Bibles and promotion certificates were presented to the members of the graduating class.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the Children's Day service was held with the congregation at the hour of church service. There was a christening service for fifteen children of the cradle roll. There was a graduation exercise for members of the Senior class of the school and diplomas were presented by Dr. John F. Stephan to fifteen young men and women graduates. The calendar of the church prints an honor roll of perfect attendance of six members of the school, one of whom, William Faber, has not missed a Sunday for ten years. The list includes the names of pupils and teachers who had a perfect attendance for thirty-six Sundays, the number on this list being fourteen.

God's Property

THIS world is God's world.

I must not make a scar.

This day is God's day.

I must not moment mar.

This task is God's work,

And I must make it tell.

This heart is God's throne,

And I must keep it well.

—CLARENCE E. FLYNN.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 3, 11, 12, 13, 5, 4, is something on girls' hats.

My 22, 2, 9, 8, 10, is a violent disturbance of atmosphere.

My 16, 7, 17, 18, 19, is a place to abide.

My 2, 1, 6, 4, 5, 3, is something people write on.

My 1, 4, 5, is a drink.

My 3, 9, 10, is a boy's name.

My 8, 5, 12, 2, is to relax.

My 6, 11, 12, 13, is a fish.

My 12, 5, 14, 2, 20, 4, 19, is an important city in the State of Washington.

My 10, 1, 22, 3, is a part of a boat.

My 8, 7, 10, 19, is an ancient city in Italy.

My 13, 14, 15, 16, 5, 3, is a scent bag.

My 12, 5, 21, is to place.

My whole is the city and state in which I live.

WILLIAM HOWARD.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 6, 4, 8, is an abbreviation for the name of a carriage.

My 1 is the third letter in the alphabet.

My 5, 2, 2, is what a cow does.

My 3, 2, 7, is a girl's name.

My whole is a well-known explorer.

MIRIAM FIRKINS.

CAPITALS OF STATES IN THE UNITED STATES

1. A job for the surgeon.
2. A discoverer.
3. Small and hard as a stone.
4. A month and a letter.
5. An organ of the body and the name of a car.
6. A great man.
7. A holy person and a boy's name.
8. A boy's name and a palisade.

The Target.

RIDDLE

Call me, and I run to you—

A messenger am I

Who worked for many a king and duke

In golden days gone by.

Turn me over. Very still

Beneath your touch I lie,

And you can scan me at your will;

Now tell me, what am I?

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3

ENIGMA V.—We are the clay and Thou our potter.

ENIGMA VI.—Serve God and be cheerful.

MISSING WORDS—Mary sat with slate in hand,

Writing tales dramatic.

Did she steal the plots she

planned?

Negative emphatic.

Stale to us the tales may be

But at least they're new to she.

THE CLOCK PUZZLE—1. It is wound. 2. It is set. 3. It strikes. 4. It keeps time. 5. It has figures on its face. 6. It keeps minutes. 7. (H)our hands. 8. Seconds.

"NATIONS"—1. Conster-nation. 2. Combi-nation. 3. Extermi-nation. 4. Abomi-nation. 5. Resig-nation. 6. Desti-nation. 7. Imagi-nation. 8. Fasci-nation. 9. Procrasti-nation. 10. Car-nation.

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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